

Pizza O'Clock: Weighing Your Future

By: Firingwall

Memphis felt anxious, odd, and uncomfortable. But one could not blame the toon rat for feeling uncomfortable in his situation.

He was very much out of his element. He was all dressed up in his best clothes, ones that actually fit his body and didn't have his large gut sticking out. He wasn't able to eat anything or smoke any of his favorite cigars. He was trying to exude as much professionalism as a toon could possibly present given his situation.

He glanced over at his partner today. The rat shook his head, thinking, *ugh, Chunky... why didn't ya listen ta me? Dis why no ones comin' up ta us!*

Chunky was the large ape toon with dark green fur and light green skin. Instead of a suit or casual business attire, the gorilla wore blue shorts that stretched over his large package quite prominently. He had on a small short-sleeve t-shirt with the phrase "OOOH, BANANA!" plastered on the center, his pizza tattoo exposed due to the short sleeves.

As he chomped away on a pizza slice, Memphis sighed. *At leasts he's wearin' ours official Pizza O'Clock cap on his head. Makes him seems likes hes actually works with us...*

Shoving the last bit of the pizza crust into his mouth, Chunky spoke in his grunty, booming voice, "Mmmm, banana pizza, Chunky's favorite~ Memphis want pizza?"

"Nots nows," sighed the rat toon, feeling a bit famished himself, "Wes gotta focus ons findin' ourselves a news manager before leavin'!"

Today was a special event, a job fair being held in a local college. A human college for business and management to be exact. Somehow, Hefty McOrckee, the owner of Pizza O'Clock, managed to snag the small business a booth in such an odd place. They were hoping to expand their operations and open a new pizzeria in another city. To do that, they needed to hire another manager to lead the charge.

Chunky nodded, scratching his chin, "Chunky don't get it. Why Hefty has us at human school? Shouldn't Memphis and Chunky be at toon school to find manager?"

"...probably." Memphis sighed, folding his fat arms. He really wished Hefty had consulted with him on this idea. It wasn't a bad idea to seek out people with business degrees for a new manager position. But maybe it was best to actually start their search in Toon Town first?

Scratching the tip of his chin, Memphis also thought, *wells, nots likes I'ms a full toon either. I's got ta be da manager despite bein' a skinny girl lots of dah time... Hmmm, maybe I's shoulda been her fors dis? Maybe I's be less intimidatin'?*

It couldn't have hurt. The two large toons had been standing at their booth for the past three hours without anyone really approaching them. Almost all the students on campus either ignored them or glanced their way for a moment before moving onto a different option.

They were about to go on their fourth straight hour of standing there. Chunky didn't seem to care, the silly delivery driver chowing down on his seemingly endless pizza from the box he brought. Memphis could only huff, thinking, *mans, I's could uses a cigar right 'bout nows...*

"What's this?" Rose Garland turned her head and caught the curious sight off to her right. Two large, rather fat toons were standing behind one of the many booths set up in the large gymnasium. The business major had never met toons or even seen them up close like this before.

Curious, the book-ish girl with long brown hair approached the booth. She looked up at the banner above: Pizza O'Clock. There were a couple of signs up with different promotional information about the business and even some leaflets laid out on the stand before them. There were probably even more things to look at, but they were currently being covered by the gorilla toon's large pizza box.

Pizza O'Clock... The name sounded familiar to her. It then clicked, recalling some ads on the radio. She looked from the leaflets to the large toons, asking softly, "Is this the pizzeria from Toon Town?"

The large rat flinched, looking down at her quickly. It almost seemed as if he was sleeping with his eyes open. Seeing her there, asking a question, brought a warm smile to his ratty mug. He answered with a pleasant nod, "Indeed it is, lil' missy! What's your name?"

His breath smelled of a mixture of cigars, pizza, and a ton of mouthwash. It seemed like he overcompensated for the other smells to drown them out but wasn't able to ultimately. Rose blushed awkwardly as the smell passed her nose, "I'm Rose Garland."

"Afternoon Rose," the rat said, holding out his large, gloved hand, "Da name is Memphis Ratterton, da manager fors da place. Dis big oaf is ours pizza delivery guy, Chunky!"

"Hiya Rose, Chunky is happy ta meet Rose~" The large ape said, taking her other hand. The two toons shook together, causing her to jerk up and down a bit. The shaking caused her to wobble a little when they stopped.

After a moment, she sighed. She glanced at the hand that Chunky shook, seeing it covered in grease and sauce, no doubt from the pizza he was gobbling down.

She casually wiped the gunk off on her pants leg and on the table before asking, "So... umm, what is it like there?"

Chunky jumped in there, "Pizza O'Clock very gud pizzeria! Loads of fun with nice people ands toons dere all da time! Chunky loves it and Chunky loves bringin' fatty pizza to people to fill dem up big!"

Memphis chuckled, adding, “Indeeds; we’s a very nice, friendly environment dat wes ands da customers love. We’s all like ones big ol’ family there!”

Rose nodded. It made sense to her. She heard toons were a very friendly sort of group, so a business like that would probably be just as friendly and family-like. She asked, “You all know each other well then? Is there a lot of staff there?”

The rat answered that one straight away, “Not much staff at da moment! Just me, Chunky here, Cal, Tony, and Hefty McOrckee, da owner! We's all big fans of da pizza befores wes started workin' dere. Dough, Cal was lookin' for a job between college semstahs, so no eatin' pizza experiences required.”

“Alright. So, what kind of work is involved? I assume you’re looking for someone with some kind of degree.”

“Wells, we’s has alls sorts of positions from waiter, ta cook, ta delivery driver, ta even bigger deals! Buuut, we's lookin' for sumone real big dis time: a manager!”

Rose’s eyebrows rose. “Manager? Is it that easy to get one without them having worked at your place before? Or if you’re coming here, is it even a good idea to get someone just fresh out of college to be a manager? How would you even decide on something like that?”

“It’s super easy Rose!” Chunky interjected, flashing a big, toothy grin, “Pizza O’Clock find manager by weighin’ person’s poten... poten... potential? Chunky find words hard at times!”

Memphis laughed, patting the large ape on the head, "What mah big ape friend is sayin' is we's find ours manager by weighin' a candidate's potential ands skills ta see if dey's be big enough in ands out fors da job!"

Rose looked at them with such a bizarre, baffled look. It seemed... unbelievable to be honest that something could be just that simple. Her head tilted as a thought came to mind.

It was a thought that made her all too curious. She asked, “That’s it? Well, how would you be able to tell if, say, I was capable of doing it?”

Memphis’s eyes widened, a gleeful smile swelling on his mug. “Ohs? Yous wanna “weigh” yourself den? Yous interested in bein’ a big manager for Pizza O’Clock?”

Rose snorted, before clearing her throat. That sounded too arrogant and snooty there. She definitely wasn’t interested in running some low-key pizzeria for a bunch of toons, especially with her new college degree and opportunities awaiting her from her family. However, she simply couldn’t scratch that intriguing itch brewing in her.

“Let’s just say that I am,” she said, placing her hands on her hips, “What would you do to see if I was up for it?”

“Wells, Chunky heres can help with dat!” Memphis declared with a smile, patting the ape on his head. “Yous just follow dis boy around back inta curtain booth behind us ands he cans weighs yourself dere!”

Chunky nodded, knowing exactly what to do from the looks of it. Only now did Rose realize what was behind the booth. It was small, square shaped tent, completely enclosed by bright yellow and red polka dotted curtains. It was hard to believe she missed the gaudy sight.

It seemed like a sketchy thing to do, enter the mysterious tent with the ape toon, but... that damn itch was nagging her more intensely now. She merely nodded and approached the side of the booth, the ape stepping out around to open the curtain.

Stepping inside the tent with Chunky, Rose was expecting to see a testing table with a bunch of boring papers and questionnaires on them. Instead, the rather small area had a rather large scale in it, the kind used at vets for large animals. Attached to it on a large pole was a computer screen. It flashed a simple phrase: “Weigh Your Potential!”.

Chunky stepped to the right side of it, holding out his hands as if presenting a prize on a gameshow. “Here Rose go! Big scale what Rose wants and needs!”

She stared at the sight blankly. Somehow, deep down, she knew whatever toons had to test people had to be something very silly. Plus, the way they were phrasing things made the reveal seem more obvious than it should’ve been to her.

Looking to the ape, she asked, “You mean... you mean I just stand on this scale?”

Chunky nodded eagerly, “Yeah, yeah! Rose stand on scale and scale weighs Rose!”

Rose puckered her lips, twisting them a bit. It was stupid; incredibly, incredibly stupid. But again, that interest was peaking more and more.

Fine. She stepped up to the scale and stared intently at the toon, “Can you at least look away when I do this. It’s impolite to look at a woman’s weight, you know.”

Chunky gave her an odd look, but did as he was told, turning around and scratching his exposed belly. With him not looking, she turned her attention back to the curious device and stepped right onto it. She looked at the screen, seeing it flash: “...”.

She waited patiently, about thirty seconds before it flashed another message: “Weight: 127 lbs. Answer: No Future”.

Her eyes widened, her mouth dropping. She looked back at Chunky, who was peeking over his shoulders. She didn’t care about that, just confusedly asking, “WHAT!?! What does that mean, ‘No Future’? What kind of nonsense is that?!”

The toon turned around, taking a good look at the screen before shrugging. He scratched his moobs casually, “Chunky guess Rose got no future. Rose not weigh enough? Chunky not

sure, but Chunky dinks dis is not good for Rose. Rose may not be Pizza O’Clock manager if Rose got no future.”

Rose huffed, scratching her chin. She had no interest whatsoever in being a manager for a silly toon pizzeria. She had better prospects in life to take advantage of. However, that damn message was going to drive her nuts. “Well, there has to be some trick to this. No way this thing just works off weight alone if it measures potential.”

She looked back to the machine and noticed new words plastered across it: “Question: Are you big? If not, why?”

Such a weird question, she thought. She figured it had to do with weight, if anything. She answered the machine out loud as if it was a real life being, “Why? Well, I just don’t really gain weight. I mean, I don’t necessarily have healthy eating habits, but I just don’t pack on much weight no matter what I do.”

The machine flashed a new message: “Solution: Think big! Think big!”

That’s not really clear at all... She mumbled, more confused than ever, “Think... big? Like... dream wise or something?”

Chunky shrugged, suggesting, “Chunky don’t think much, but Chunky dink Rose maybe should dink big? Like biiiiiiig?”

She gave the ape a look, seeing his clueless, silly face looking back at her. *Think big... real big.* She looked him over, observing how really fat the large toon was. He had to be over 400 lbs. at least with his thick limbs and large belly. *Given this place... maybe think that “big”...*

She let out a sigh, rubbing her face, “Fine, fine. Alright... think big then. Biiiiiiig.”

She closed her eyes and started picturing “big”. In this case, she pictured Chunky himself. She pictured how big he was as a toon, his large belly, big arms, big bulge... which she quickly pushed from her mind. She quickly thought of things that would make him big, like large drinks and extra-large pizzas, like the ones probably offered at the pizzeria.

She thought and thought, doing that in complete silence for a minute straight. Eventually, there was a soft ‘ding’ and she opened her eyes. The screen flashed: “Weight: 127.3 lbs”. She looked at it strangely...

...then it suddenly went “Weight: 127 lbs.” She pouted, folding her arms. *This is dumb! How much do you have to weigh or have “potential” or whatever the hell this thing measures?! Does big mean as big as that rat out there?! How... how fat would you have to be for this crap? Ugh... this thing is givin’ me a head-*

Her internal ranting paused as the machine flashed: “Answer: Still No Future.”

Her right eye twitched, her hands clenching and teeth grating. *GRRRR! STUPID, dumb machine!* She let out an angry groan and felt the urge to punch the thing in its screen. However,

she quickly put the thought from her mind, followed by her anger. It was unbecoming of her. She needed to settle down before she lost it. Just stop thinking about this.

As the thoughts left her mind, the machine flashed something new. “Weight: 128 lbs.” It didn’t suddenly drop either, staying at there. “Answer: Think Big! Think Slow! Think Big!”

Big? Slow? She scratched her chin. She didn’t understand. It still didn’t feel clear at all.

The machine then showed: “Question: What do you want? What do you want right now? Answer: BIG.”

Big... I want to be big... Rose was confused, wondering why the machine would say that. She didn’t really want to be big... maybe big as in successful. But she was pretty sure she didn’t want to be big by the scale’s or toons’ standards. It just wasn’t her.

However, that simple thought, “I want to be big” seemed to be enough. The machine went blank before showing another new message: “Weight: 130 lbs.”

Her eyebrows arched. She had a feeling about what made this machine tick and how it “weighed” her most likely. She felt a shiver roll down her spine, a pleasant one at that. She felt rather... excited and eager at this discovery.

Going against her better judgement, she closed her eyes and released a deep breath. She started to think big. Heavy. Chubby. Fat. Nothing complex or anything too deep. Just the concept and feel of it. ...then she started thinking more, like how tight her skirt would feel if she just had an extra few pounds added to it.

“...Weight: 136 lbs.” She didn’t even notice the rising weight. Curious though, her skirt did feel a touch tighter on her than before. Her belly felt a little pudgy, poking over the skirt’s band and giving her a little muffin top.

She snorted, shaking her head. *Well... why would my skirt feel all that tight? I wouldn’t need to wear it. If I think big and be big... then I would just wear the largest and stretchiest bottoms that would fit me~ Yeah, dat sounds comfy~*

Chunky stared at her oddly. Rose’s expression had gone from frustrated to rather bemused and a little giddy. “Is Rose thinkin’ big? What is Rose thinkin’ ‘bout?”

She didn’t hear him, her mind falling farther into this “big” thinking. *Wears comfy, stretchy clothes all days, working in a pizzeria all large and in-charge, having all the pizza I could want. I be big~ Very big~ I’d stay big and fat forever~*

The large ape shook his head and bonked her on the noggin. The big thoughts left her mind, bringing her back to normal. Her face went beet red, just thinking about all that more clearly now. It went completely wild and weird with all those “big” thoughts.

“Rose bein’ rude! Chunky ask question!” snorted the ape, hands on his hips.

She blushed bashfully, scratching at the back of her head. “S-sorry! I guess... I guess I just started... uhm... thinkin’ big, ya know? I was just thinking about being heavy, fat, clothing gettin’ all tight, eating a lot, and getting all... big.”

Big. That word sounded a lot nicer now. It wasn’t so bad to think big like that, right? She was just having some fun, right? Just wanted to show up that machine show she did have a future, even if maybe she didn’t take the job.

“Am I allowed to keep going? I think I’s gets it... I mean, I think I get it now.”

“Yous may... oh! Nice gloves!” Rose gave the ape an odd look. She wasn’t wearing any gloves. That was just silly-

Her eyes widened as she looked down. Upon her hands were large, fat white gloves. They were extra pudgy with two black stripes on the bottom. They looked similar to the ones that Memphis wore. They even had four-fingers on them as well!

Her head tilted slightly as she looked at the toony gloves. They had to be three times the original size of her hands. Yet, she found moving each digit rather easy and simple to do. It was like they were a natural part of her.

She looked to him, blushing. Her heart was racing, but all she could say was, “Oh, thank you.”

And just by saying that, she felt fine again. Yes, she had big toon gloves on her hands, but it was no big deal. They were nice and big. Very big! The big part she liked a lot.

She casually brushed some of her long brown hair from her eyes, adjusting her glasses with the gloves easily before returning to her thoughts. She closed her eyes and sunk right back into where she was before. Being big, wearing stretchy clothes, being fat, working at the pizzeria and having all the pizza she could ever want!

Yeah, they weres lookin’ for someone to be a manager, right? I... I’s could be da manager for dere’s place! I’s could be a big, fat manager there!

“Weight: 150 lbs.” The machine flashed, but again, Rose did not notice. Her mind was too caught up with these big, slow thoughts now. She couldn’t get them out of her head nor... did she really want them to. She rather liked them, focusing intently. She didn’t even notice the tightening feeling across her body as her clothing squeezed harder on her.

Heh, yeah. Be big! Be a big manager~ Bein’ big would feel good! It must be good if dem toons here are big~ Plus, deys want a big, big manager over sum small, weak, skinny girl, right? Heh, dat ain’t me if I’s keep dinkin’ big!

She smiled brightly. The thoughts were getting warmer and more comforting to her. She liked them a lot more now. They seemed so right. She wanted to be big, not just simply think big. Big was the way to go!

The computer screen dinged, flashing: “Weight: 152 lbs.” Her shoes wobbled and shook, swelling suddenly. They quadrupled in size; her petite feet engulfed by wide, bright blue tennis shoes much too big for her. They were positively silly looking on the small girl.

*Yeah. Be a big manager! Don't be a small, skinny girl! Be a big, fat manager! Don't be a skinny girl! Be a big, fat manager! Don't be a girl... be a big, fat, **manly** manager.*

She quivered, biting down on her bottom lip. Some clear thoughts rose to her mind. *Why... why did I think that? Why would I want to be a guy? Why would I want to be fat? Why... why would I...*

Bein' big is important, rights?

Y-yeah...

Bein' big is bein' fat, rights?

W-well yes, I suppose, but...

Bein' big is bein' fat ands guys cans be extra big ands wide!

...that is true.... Dat is true! Heh, maybe bein' a big, fat manly manager is da ticket... Yeah... being a guy... I wanna be dat too!

She let out a chuckle, her voice deepening for a moment before returning to normal. Her mind sunk back in deep. *Yeah, big and fat with a big gut ands big chub for more cuddlin' ands hugglin'! I's be da best manager dat way!*

DING! Her eyes opened wide, knocking her back to reality. The sound was piercing, far more than expected. She looked at the screen, seeing it read: “Weight: 165 lbs. Answer: Possible Future.”

She broke out into a big, wide grin. She looked to Chunky declaring, “Ya see? I's gots a chance! I's got a future!”

Chunky nodded, smiling happily. He appeared rather excited for her. “Chunky sees Rose has future maybe! But... does Rose want Pizza O'Clock future?”

She paused. She never really intended on being a manager at the place after all. She was only ever really just curious about what their deal was and proving the scale was wrong. Now that she proved to the scale that she had a future possibly, and she knew what was going on... she didn't really need to be there.

But yet... the job offer was awfully tempting beyond all belief. All too appealing, especially with the idea that she could be big! Very, very big like the toon guys here. Be big, fat... and manly just like them.

“Rose does... she... he wants ta be da top dog there!”

“Rose wants ta be da top dog with us toons den?”

Toons. Her eyes widened as it clicked in her mind. She was still thinking too small, much too small. She was only thinking about being fat and manly. She wanted to be big and there was only one way to be truly big she realized.

I can't just be a fat man, I's gotta be welcomin', friendly, strong, nices, and silly! Dat settles it! I's gotta be a toon!

She took a deep breath and said firmly, “I's wanna be not just da top dog, but da top toon around here!”

Her body wobbled and shook as she grinned. Her face swelled a little, losing its feminine shape a tad as her jaw rounded. Her top front teeth twitched, growing longer and wider. They poked out her mouth as large buck teeth that had a shimmering glint to them.

As the machine shared another message, “Weight: 180 lbs.”, Chunky looked rather surprised. Instead of pointing out the teeth, he merely asked her, “Chunky confused. Rose didn't seem to want Pizza O'Clock future before.”

Rose chuckled and flashed a grin, her buck teeth comically sparkling. “Well, dat was when I was stills all worried about da extra flab ands wasn't sure if dis was right. But nows, I's wants all dat fluff and all dat manager stuff! I'lls bes da most cuddliest manager ya ever had!”

Chunky chuckled himself, looking down and groping his big belly. “More flab, more chub, more flub is all more ta love ands enjoy! Da bigger we's alls ours, da happier wes ands Pizza O'Clock ares!”

Heh, makes sense! Rose looked down at herself, gripping her belly, which was partially appearing from underneath her shirt. It wasn't all that big compared to the other toons, but she liked its feel. It felt so soft, squishy, and warm, like rising bread.

“Dough, didn't Rose wanna be sumding else first? What did Rose wanna be before wantin' ta be a Pizza O'Clock manager?” The question knocked her back to reality for a moment as the toony influence waned a little. However, it rose again as glossy brown hairs grew over her arms, legs, and chest.

Why did I want to go to college again? What did my parents want? She was so distracted by all of the big thinking that her memories faded a bit. She clenched her eyes shut and focused. She hit her head a few times, a soft **THUNK** emitted every time she did so.

The memories resurfaced, and she remembered. However, they weren't much to her liking. She huffed, mumbling, “Well, Rose did wants to get sum job workin' in a big business as one of dem CEOs, like her pa and ma. But all dat business talk is going over my head ands I's rather focused on sum business dat's a beddah 'big' now.”

“Wells dats gud!” The ape smiled brightly. “Rose wants ta work in a big business and dat takes plenty of smarts! Pizza O’Clock needs sumbuddy with smarts if days wanna be manager. Does Rose dink Rose can be a manager?”

“I’s means, Rose feels pretty confident ‘bout being a manager! I dink I’s do a good job. Good manager gotta have good smarts and good belly, right?” Her clothing tightened more and more on her, her arms and legs gaining fat rolls to them. Her belly popped further and further over her jeans.

FLOOP! Just at the height of it all, out popped a very large tail. It was flat and circle, with hatch markings on the top and bottom. **SMACK!** Her new beaver tail fell and slapped her rear hard as it fell, sending waves throughout her lower half. She shot up several inches, her lower half widening greatly for a more pear-ish form with the wide hips and rear.

The machine flashed, “Weight: 235 lbs.”, the ape taking notice of that. He nodded gently and asked, “Wells, Chunky dinks Rose has good smarts. Rose went to college, right? Rose musta been thinkin’ hard to be here!”

She nodded. “Rose been dinkin’ reals hard! Rose got all da big brains ta run a pizzeria! Nows, I’s dink I’s just need ta get in shape, and get da right body fors it~!”

“Den keep dinkin’! Keep dinkin’ big and and sayin’ big things!” Her heart was racing, her grin widening further. The inky brown hairs on her body suddenly grew like wildfire, coating all of her limbs and body, thick fur sticking out of her shirt collar and around her exposed stomach.

“Dat’s right!” Rose declared with confidence, putting her gloved hands on her fat hips, “Rose dinks and says what Rose dinks! It’s all ‘bout bein’ big! ...say, does a bulge like yers come wit’ da position ands bein’ big?”

Chunky looked down at his large, prominent bulge. He scratched his large package casually, chuckling, “Big guts and big bulges come withs Pizza O’Clock ands bein’ big!”

“Sounds like a deal! Pizza O’Clock ands bein’ big, **‘ere comes Rose.**” On those last few words, Rose’s voice dropped to a deep baritone, but one with a certain bent to it. One that was quite goofy and very much toony.

The woman swelled and shook, rising again by a few inches. Her arms swelled a bit more, followed by her body widening. Her breasts lost all shape and form at this point, looking like moobs now. Her body shape was comparable to a much smaller version of Chunky’s, her gut popping further out from underneath her shirt.

As she grew, her ears quivered. Black fur coated them from top to bottom as they shrunk in size. They changed shape, concaving on the inside before slipping up her head. They grew smaller and shifted until they resembled that of a beaver’s perfectly.

“Weight: 268 lbs.” The sight brought a smile to her fat face, her hands clenching and groping her wide stomach more so. She felt happy, so excited. She never felt more sure about something in her life than this.

But yet, that last word she spoke rang in her mind. She frowned slightly, thinking about it. *Rose... dat's... dat's not the name for sumbody gonna be big...*

She looked to Chunky and said, “Hey, ya mind if ya’ll start callin’ me... Roy?”

Her pants quivered at those words, quickly widening to better fit the expanding “woman”. Their material turned to an almost thick, deep blue leather; suspenders suddenly popping out from the belly loops and stretching over her shoulders. She noticed them and playfully gripped the stretchy clothing, letting the straps snap back to her fat body with a thick **SMACK**.

Chunky looked at her curiously, scratching his head, “Why’s dat? Ain’t Rose Rose?”

“Wells, I’s thought dat by bein’ big ands bein’ a manager dat I’s could go with a fresh new start!” She explained casually, diving more and more into it, “Ands a gud fresh new name for a beaver hunk is Roy Buckbutt! Bedda dan Rose Garland!”

Roy Buckbutt. She liked it! She really liked the sound of it! Sounded perfect for the big beaver she was meant to be! The happy thought echoed through her body and into her college sweatshirt. It’s sleeves instantly shrunk in, its collar lowering a little as sweat stains appeared around the shoulders. The material became thinner as the college logo rapidly morphed into “Busy Beaver Gets Busy~”.

The green ape nodded pleasantly, seeming like he understood what was going on. “Dat’s fair Roy~! Roy wills be good manager... maybe? Chunky never knows stuff.”

Hearing her new name sent a chill up her spine. It sounded so right now! She could feel her belly and torso expand again. Everything felt so nice.

Yet... “Weight: 273 lbs.” Her brow furrowed, her mouth twisting. “Dat won’t do! I’s gotta fill dat gap fast!” She looked down at herself, stretching her suspenders. They were rather stretched but they still felt a little too roomy.

Dat’s right! Roy wants ta be da best manager he’s can be! And Roy’s gonna do get! Roy’s gonna be big ands fats ands plumps and bulgin’ for da place! I’s gonna be BIG!”

And with that, she slowly grew fatter and fatter. Images of working at Pizza O’Clock filled her mind, all of her chubby toon co-workers all around her, making pizza, and serving other toons yummy pizza. It was positively wonderful!

Pounds kept on packing in for the large woman, quickly swelling up to almost Chunky’s size. She was now over six feet tall, very broad, rather wide shoulders; and with a fairly hefty, chubby gut. All traces of femininity were lost, along with most human traces with her fine toon pelt and animal features.

A minute goes by and the machine flashed now a truly more happy, encouraging message that brought joy to her heart. “Weight: 347 lbs. Answer: Future Most Likely.”

Her eyes sparkled with joy, little sparkles emanating off of them. “Dat’s it! Just a lil’ bit more! Gimme dat big, hefty bulge ta thrust out with mah big gut, and I’lls get straight ta work! Roy luvs Pizza O’Clock!”

Her long brown hair slowly crept up her head at that as Chunky suddenly asked, “But didn’t Roy just find out ‘bout Pizza O’Clock today? How does Roy luv Pizza O’Clock already? Roy bein’ silly-billy!”

Roy let out a hearty chuckle, hairs growing out on her chubby cheeks, “Ya boys won me over with ya speech! Youse got yourself a new manager! One BIG manager!”

With that final declaration, one final wave swept over her. Her cheeks swelled out, growing rounder and more protruding on the sides for a more cartoonish look. Her nose inflated and swelled into a large, fat, black beaver nose. Brown fur bloomed over her face as her hair turned to a patchy black buzzcut with a big cowlick. Lastly, her mouth twitched and popped out into a short, stubby muzzle befitting the beaver he was.

He let out a small sigh and thrust out a little. **PLOP!** His flat pants grew a large, almost half the size of a volleyball sized bulge. He now had everything he needed.

“Roy ready fors sum work!” The large beaver toon declared, smacking his belly playfully and watching it shake. “Where’s dat big rat hunk at? I’m dun with weighin’ ma-self!”

“Sumbuddy calls me?” Memphis asked, peering into the tent. He spotted the large, fat beaver and glanced up at the scale’s monitor. “Weight: 377 lbs. Answer: The Future is Bright. Welcome to Pizza O’Clock.”

“Dat be me’s!” The beaver declared, grabbing Memphis’ hand and shaking it firmly, “Da name is Roy Buckbutt! I’m yours news manager!” Roy looked over the rat again, smiling pleasantly. He had to assume he was just a big and fat as the rodent toon.

“Nice ta meet ya!” Memphis chuckled, shaking back happily, “You’s got da job as long as yous got da guds ands weight we’s need.”

The beaver bellowed with laughter. “HA! Got plenty of weight right here!” He playfully squeezed and shook his belly. “Buuuuut, if ya need da guds, I’s got ya covered!”

He reached behind his back and pulled out three folders. One had his resume. One had his references and previous work experiences. The other... “Here ya go! Resume, references, ands all mah degrees in business, cookin’, managerin’, and eatin’! I’s dink youse’ll be impressed!”

Memphis took the folders and opened the one with the degrees and diplomas in them. Roy curiously looked at them as well. He remembered just getting his business degree a few days ago and only that, so he had no idea where those others came from.

“Mmmm, nice degree from Big Bobcat’s Eatery~ OH! A master’s in cookin’ from Greasy Later Gator’s Cookin’ School! Youse got da gumpton ands spirit wes needs in ours big fat toons! Youse definitely the manager we’s been lookin’ fors!”

Roy smiled widely. He didn’t recall attending any of those schools, but yet, he had the degrees for them. Oh well, nothing to worry his silly toony head about. He’s got a job now!

“Great! When do I’s start?”

“Yous start when we’s get ours new location ups ands runnin’!” explained Memphis, “Da owner is still signing off on dings! But don’t ya worry! You’lls soon be running yours own pizzeria! You’lls just be doin’ trainin’ with me at da main place til den.”

“Oh, alright.” Roy nodded, scratching his chin. Not exactly what he was expecting, but the prospect of running his own business, sort of at least, was very exciting.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEEEEP! The toon’s eyes widened and he looked towards his pants’ pocket. He reached in and pulled out his phone, which was still very much normal. It was a little difficult to futz with given his large fingers, but he quickly checked it....

...and immediately grumbled. “Dangnabbit,” he mumbled, “Dem folks again.”

“Hmmm? What’s wrong?” Memphis asked curiously.

The beaver toon sighed, rolling his eyes. “Mah folks, dey’s big CEOs ands stuff. After I’s get done at job fair, deys wanna take mes shoppin’ fors sum business suits. Apparently, dey’s got a high level job fors me waitin’ at da company! Lots a borin’, hard dinkin’ stuff with graphs, spreadsheets, and da works.”

“Sounds fancy ands big money-wise!” commented Chunky, suddenly holding his pizza box again and chomping on a big slice.

“Pfffft, dat white collar stuff ain’t no fun. It ain’t big, likes me now! Plus, I’s don’t wanna wear any collars anyways!” grumbled the beaver, a storm cloud floating above his head now.

“Tells me ‘bout it!” the rat sighed, stretching the collar on his business suit, “Dis fancy stuff ain’t for toons likes us. It doesn’t let us stretch out our big bellies or bulges, eat alls wes want, has fun, or even be big!”

“Yous got da right!” The thought of putting on a suit or working in a “normal” environment seemed bad. No, it *was* bad! Roy had been dragged and pushed around by his family

all his life to go do the path they wanted him to go. They wanted him to be a boring, money-grubbing vulture like them.

But I's ain't no vulture, I'ms a big, fat beaver! He huffed and stared at his phone. He looked at the two toons confidently and stated, "I'lls be rights back! I's gotta makes a call! Buckbutt gotta set dings on da right path!"

"Yous dos what yous gotta do!" Memphis said, patting the beaver playfully on the butt as he turned to leave.

Roy's eyes went wide. That felt pretty... good. He looked over his shoulder and chuckled, his tail rose up and **SMACKED** Memphis right on the belly. The rat's gut jiggled, the big lardo chuckling and letting out a soft moan.

"Be back!" Roy left the tent and strutted out onto the gym floor. Everyone started giving him odd, bizarre looks, but he didn't mind them. He liked it in fact. It felt nice being stared at and ogled. Must have been a nice perk to being a toon!

He shook his head and huffed. *Nah, gotta focus! Dime ta call da folks ands let dem knows dings are goin' be different. Dings are gonna be BIG from now on!*

Memphis watched the beaver disappear out of the gym before returning his attention back to Chunky. "Yous did gud!" the rat complimented, giving him a big thumbs up, "Dat's sum manager ya got outta hers."

"Chunky guess, but Chunky don't know how Chunky did it! Chunky just ask questions ands sorta got a beaver!" The ape shrugged, chomping down on another slice.

Fair 'nough. Got ourselves a new manager at least, Memphis thought. He pulled out his phone from his pocket, quickly texting the good news to his boss.

Once sent, he flipped over to his memo app and looked at the top one. It was named "To Find" and opening it, a list popped up. It listed: Cook, Waiter, Janitor, Assistant Manager, Bartender, Delivery Driver, Advertiser, Pastry Chef, and Manager.

Memphis highlighted "Manager" and deleted it from the list. *One down, several more ta go.* He stepped back out front into the booth, Chunky following him. The rat glanced around the room. Still so many college students, family members, and other people of the community wandering around. Hopefully, new recruits were somewhere among them hiding.

All they needed was to find the right one and give them a little weighing~

THE END?